

Wanted—Male Help.

WANTED—MAN TO TAKE CHARGE of a small hotel, bookkeeper, typewriter, barman, etc. Apply to J. H. HARRIS, 123 Main St., Los Angeles.

WANTED—40 FIRST-CLASS STONE masons can do any kind of work. Apply to J. H. HARRIS, 123 Main St., Los Angeles.

WANTED—PARTNER IN PAYING city property. Apply to J. H. HARRIS, 123 Main St., Los Angeles.

WANTED—PARTNER WILL SELL one-third interest in good and profitable business. Apply to J. H. HARRIS, 123 Main St., Los Angeles.

WANTED—FIRST-CLASS ORDER book, whereon class is kept, private family or boarding house. Apply to J. H. HARRIS, 123 Main St., Los Angeles.

WANTED—A PARTNER TO GO IN to some kind of business with capital. Apply to J. H. HARRIS, 123 Main St., Los Angeles.

WANTED—MAN, TEAM AND wagon, experienced in cultivating orchards. Apply to J. H. HARRIS, 123 Main St., Los Angeles.

WANTED—GOOD CANNESSES great inducement. Apply to J. H. HARRIS, 123 Main St., Los Angeles.

WANTED—HOT TO LEARN BUSINESS Call at HERMAN'S, Second and Main Sts.

WANTED—A CITY CANNESSE some experience. Apply to J. H. HARRIS, 123 Main St., Los Angeles.

Help Wanted—Female.

WANTED—A LADY WHO IS A careful and experienced housekeeper, can do for her board. Apply to J. H. HARRIS, 123 Main St., Los Angeles.

WANTED—A GOOD GIRL TO DO general housework in a small family. Apply to J. H. HARRIS, 123 Main St., Los Angeles.

WANTED—SITUATION AS HOUSE keeper by German woman, or do housework. Apply to J. H. HARRIS, 123 Main St., Los Angeles.

WANTED—FIRST-CLASS WAIT and waitresses. Apply to J. H. HARRIS, 123 Main St., Los Angeles.

WANTED—GOOD HELP FOR hotel and families. Apply to J. H. HARRIS, 123 Main St., Los Angeles.

WANTED—A COMPETENT YOUNG woman. Apply to J. H. HARRIS, 123 Main St., Los Angeles.

WANTED—A GOOD GIRL FOR general housework. Apply to J. H. HARRIS, 123 Main St., Los Angeles.

WANTED—GOOD GIRL, ONE FOND of children. Apply to J. H. HARRIS, 123 Main St., Los Angeles.

WANTED—FIRST-CLASS COOK must have good references. Apply to J. H. HARRIS, 123 Main St., Los Angeles.

WANTED—FIRST-CLASS DRESS maker. Apply to J. H. HARRIS, 123 Main St., Los Angeles.

WANTED—WOMAN FOR PLAIN cooking and general housework. Apply to J. H. HARRIS, 123 Main St., Los Angeles.

WANTED—COOK AND SECOND girl. Apply to J. H. HARRIS, 123 Main St., Los Angeles.

WANTED—HAIR DRESSER at 123 Main St., Los Angeles.

WANTED—GIRL TO COOK AND do general housework. Apply to J. H. HARRIS, 123 Main St., Los Angeles.

WANTED—WOMAN TO WORK BY the day. Apply to J. H. HARRIS, 123 Main St., Los Angeles.

Situations Wanted—Male.

WANTED—THE MANAGEMENT OF a small hotel. Apply to J. H. HARRIS, 123 Main St., Los Angeles.

WANTED—POSITION AS BOOK keeper, cashier, or collector, or would take book to keep. Apply to J. H. HARRIS, 123 Main St., Los Angeles.

WANTED—SITUATION AS SUPERintendent in some kind of business. Apply to J. H. HARRIS, 123 Main St., Los Angeles.

WANTED—SITUATION BY YOUNG man, 15 years of age, as bookkeeper, clerk, or in some other position. Apply to J. H. HARRIS, 123 Main St., Los Angeles.

WANTED—BY A RELIABLE MAN (married) position as bookkeeper, clerk, or in some other position. Apply to J. H. HARRIS, 123 Main St., Los Angeles.

WANTED—SITUATION BY JAPANESE man, 15 years of age, as bookkeeper, clerk, or in some other position. Apply to J. H. HARRIS, 123 Main St., Los Angeles.

WANTED—SITUATION BY YOUNG man, 15 years of age, as bookkeeper, clerk, or in some other position. Apply to J. H. HARRIS, 123 Main St., Los Angeles.

WANTED—SITUATION AS FIRST class cook. Apply to J. H. HARRIS, 123 Main St., Los Angeles.

WANTED—EMPLOYMENT BY good bookkeeper. Apply to J. H. HARRIS, 123 Main St., Los Angeles.

Situations Wanted—Female.

WANTED—NOTICE TO LADIES—BY special request, I have opened dressmaking in connection with my tailoring. Apply to J. H. HARRIS, 123 Main St., Los Angeles.

WANTED—A POSITION AS TEACHER in a private school or as day governess. Apply to J. H. HARRIS, 123 Main St., Los Angeles.

WANTED—A POSITION AS TEACHER in a public school or as day governess. Apply to J. H. HARRIS, 123 Main St., Los Angeles.

WANTED—SITUATION BY TRUST worthy young woman, care of a little child, or as day governess. Apply to J. H. HARRIS, 123 Main St., Los Angeles.

WANTED—SITUATION BY REsiduous young woman, care of a little child, or as day governess. Apply to J. H. HARRIS, 123 Main St., Los Angeles.

WANTED—SITUATION BY EXPER ienced teacher, as governess or lady's companion. Apply to J. H. HARRIS, 123 Main St., Los Angeles.

WANTED—A SITUATION BY A young lady to do office work, or as assistant bookkeeper. Apply to J. H. HARRIS, 123 Main St., Los Angeles.

WANTED—SITUATION BY A COM petent young woman, care of a little child, or as day governess. Apply to J. H. HARRIS, 123 Main St., Los Angeles.

WANTED—SITUATION BY WOMAN in a private family for light housework. Apply to J. H. HARRIS, 123 Main St., Los Angeles.

WANTED—SITUATION BY A young lady to do light housework. Apply to J. H. HARRIS, 123 Main St., Los Angeles.

WANTED—SEWING IN FAMILIES of the day. Apply to J. H. HARRIS, 123 Main St., Los Angeles.

Help Wanted—Male and Female.

WANTED—FIRST-CLASS STONE masons can do any kind of work. Apply to J. H. HARRIS, 123 Main St., Los Angeles.

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WANTED—GOOD CANNESSES great inducement. Apply to J. H. HARRIS, 123 Main St., Los Angeles.

WANTED—HOT TO LEARN BUSINESS Call at HERMAN'S, Second and Main Sts.

WANTED—A CITY CANNESSE some experience. Apply to J. H. HARRIS, 123 Main St., Los Angeles.

Wanted—To Rent.

WANTED—ROOM WITH PIANO for 2 days in the week; must be centrally located. Address A. H. TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—TO RENT AN UPRIGHT piano. Address A. H. TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—BY GENTLEMAN a No. 44 TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—TO RENT RANCH with fruit trees on it. Address W. R. 209 S. MAIN ST., CITY.

Wanted—To Purchase.

WANTED—HOUSEHOLD GOODS of every kind, in any quantity. Address A. H. TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—TO BUY HORSES of all breeds. Address A. H. TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—FURNITURE FOR 40 rooms. Address A. H. TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—TO PURCHASE SNAP land. Address A. H. TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—COMBINATION POOL table for cash, or will give good real estate in exchange. Address A. H. TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—A CREAM LOT INSIDE of Main, Tenth, Pearl and Washington Sts. Address A. H. TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—YOUNG CALVES from 2 to 4 years old. Address A. H. TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—TO BUY A GOOD watch-dog. Address A. H. TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—TO BUY MORE BUILD ings to move. Address A. H. TIMES OFFICE.

Wanted—Miscellaneous.

WANTED—TO SELL A STORE building, 20x28, shelving, counter, etc. Address A. H. TIMES OFFICE.

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For Sale.

FOR SALE—10 ACRES LAND IN ORANGE COUNTY. Address A. H. TIMES OFFICE.

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For Sale.

FOR SALE—NEW HOUSE OF EIGHT large rooms. Address A. H. TIMES OFFICE.

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FOR SALE—NEW HOUSE OF EIGHT</

PACIFIC ISLES.

Germany Bent on Increasing Her Possessions.

Protectorates Established in the Marshall and Gilbert Groups.

American Commercial Interests Will Be Greatly Injured.

The Helpless Natives to Be Compelled to Pay Heavy Taxes—Fighting and Bloodshed in the Carolines.

By Telegram to The Times.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 3.—[By the Associated Press.] The schooner W. F. Beebe arrived yesterday from the Marshall Islands with a cargo of guano, and bringing intelligence tending to confirm the rumor that the German government had taken possession of the islands. The schooner reported that the chiefs were compelled to sign a petition requesting Germany to establish a protectorate over the group. One chief, however, who declared himself in favor of allegiance only to the United States, refused to sign the petition, which has been forwarded to Berlin. A German cruiser is stationed at Jaluit and the German agent has announced that the Islanders will be required to pay a yearly tax in copra.

In an interview with a recent arrival from the Gilbert Islands many facts were learned in connection with the invasion of the group by the German government, aided by the Jaluit trading agency and other concerns supposed to be engaged in private and legitimate enterprises. The informant says that before a nominal protectorate had been declared by the Germans, an association of American traders had been engaged for years in commerce with the group.

They enjoyed the good will of the natives and never attempted to exercise authority over them in the way of taxing them or unjustly subsidizing their labor for purposes of profit.

One of the islands was extensively improved and a harbor was made. Understanding the Germans intended to proclaim a protectorate, the Americans petitioned their own government through Secretary Blaine to take possession of the group, or at least to lend some protection to American interests, which were seriously threatened. The correspondence on this matter has never been made public, the petition was lost sight of and Germany established a nominal protectorate.

The first result was that the Germans established two new ports of entry and thus destroyed some of the American improvements. Now they have recently declared provisions to strengthen their petition by getting the kings on the various islands to surrender their power and petition Germany to appoint officers for each of the islands. Once the protectorate is established by the Germans a system of taxation will be introduced by which the Islanders will be placed in a position of abject submission to their masters, and their property will be gathered up for tolls, and the German army of war already at the islands will check any attempts at a revolution.

It appears from further statements made that the Germans are inimical to the American traders and have expressed their willingness to come under the protection of the United States Government. It is predicted that unless the scheme is dissipated Germany will annex the islands during the year.

Late advice from the Carolinian Islands state that an era of insurrection and bloodshed has set in between the natives and Spanish troops quartered in this group. The fact that Admiral Bellup dispatched the cruiser Alliance to Ponape to protect American missionaries whose lives and property were threatened, equally by the Spaniards and natives, was made known several days ago by intelligence received from the Associated Press. It is not merely American residents who are threatened; every white person on the islands, and the Spaniards in particular, are fearful of having their property stolen and being murdered.

A traveler named Anderson, who has been engaged in inter-island commerce for several years, returned to Jaluit, in the Marshall group, lately bringing startling intelligence of the extent of the trouble and its causes. He says that the natives are a superior species of their race, and have always had most tractable dispositions. They did not object to the coming of the Spaniards until the latter endeavored to induce Spain to proclaim a protectorate over the group. Quite recently the Spanish officials increased the native taxation, which has always been the most repugnant part of their administration. The natives were indignant at this new levy, and their refusal to pay it was the leading cause of the existing troubles.

Moreover, the troops on the islands are in many instances a drunken, riotous mob. They have no regard for the natives and have lately been guilty of many outrages. Mr. Anderson, who is authority for the above statements, says that the trading agent at Ponape, was pillaged by the natives, who, in their frenzy, imagine every white person to be concerned in designs against their liberty. Anderson narrowly escaped with his life. Most of the missionaries scattered throughout the Caroline groups are either full-blooded natives, or half-breeds who have been educated by white ministers. They have explained to their people the encroachments of the whites and made the rounds of the twenty odd islands to that end.

The natives armed themselves, and outside the settlement of Ponape had several sharp engagements with the Spaniards. They were shot down by the great battery guns, and have now retreated into the bush country. The Spaniards, it is said, secretly encourage outrages committed on American property, while ostensibly indignant at them. They will not retreat from their position, and refuse to ameliorate the wretched condition of the people.

The Niece Gets Nothing. CLEVELAND, Jan. 3.—The will of Selah Chamberlain was probated in Paysonville today. The only public bequest out of the \$7,000,000 estate was a small one to the Lane Theological Seminary at Cincinnati. The re-

mainder of the vast estate will go to two nephews who reside here. His niece, the famous beauty known as Jennie Chamberlain before her marriage in England, is not mentioned in the will.

PARNELL AND THE IRISH.

Boulogne Conference Will Probably Be Resumed Tomorrow.

DUBLIN, Jan. 3.—[By Cable and Associated Press.] Father O'Shea has written a letter from the Franciscan Convent at Drogheda, saying: As Capt. O'Shea's nomination for the Galway election of 1886, I can throw light on the few calumnies uttered about Parnell and O'Shea. No shadow of suspicion rests upon the political purity of the motive actuating Parnell when he decided to run O'Shea for Galway. He hoped thereby to secure O'Shea's influence and introduce the coalition of 1886 of the Irish members of Parliament with the English Liberal party.

Parnell left Dublin today for his country seat, Avonbeg, while an expected letter from him, Monday next, unless his plans are changed between now and Monday, Parnell will leave Avonbeg for Boulogne-sur-Mer at an early hour Monday to take part in what is likely to be the final conference between the Irish leaders, so far as the question of the leadership of the Irish party is concerned.

PARNELL'S PROSPECTIVE NEGOTIATIONS. PARIS, Jan. 3.—O'Brien will not resume the conference with Parnell unless the proposed negotiations obtain such sanction from the leaders of the majority of the Irish party as will justify the hope of a reunion of the party. In the meantime O'Brien declines to state whether, in the communications between himself and Dillon, McCarthy and others, they promise approval of further negotiations. The opinion of the Irish group in this city is unfavorable to a resumption of the conference at Boulogne-sur-Mer. Mrs. Raffalovich, O'Brien's mother-in-law, says that O'Brien will not return to Ireland to enter prison, leaving the party feud unhealed. While the rupture lasts, she says, he can better serve his cause here or in America.

THE COMING COUNCIL.

WHAT WILL BE DONE AT THE RAILROAD MEETING.

All but Two of the Western Roads Will Be Represented—A Preliminary Conference—The Omaha Bridge.

By Telegram to The Times.

CHICAGO, Jan. 3.—[By the Associated Press.] All of the leading lines entering Chicago from the West will be represented at the New York conference next Thursday, excepting the Chicago and Alton and the Chicago, St. Paul and Kansas City. Even these can be relied upon to subscribe to the agreement if it is constructed upon a basis that will insure them a fair share of business. This afternoon the presidents of the other lines continued the conference which has been going on all week regarding the proposed agreement. It has been developed that the presidents are widely apart on some of the questions involved. It seems that the Atchison people lean too much to the Gould idea of an iron-clad combination to please the Rock Island and St. Paul, and that the presidents have failed to agree on a number of important points.

What effect the present difficulty between the Union Pacific and the Rock Island and St. Paul will have on the agreement, continues to be a matter of conjecture, and the officers of the last-named road will not say whether or not it is likely to affect their actions. All of the western roads have adopted the report of the committee on the managers concerning transportation and the plan recommended is now in force. It provides that annual or time passes shall not be issued to employees of foreign roads in train service stations or traffic department, except on request of the proper officials of such roads, that annual half-fare permits shall be good only in the State in which the holder resides; that annual, time or single-trip passes shall not be issued to the World's Fair commissioners, to representatives of street-car or cable roads, agents engaged in the sale of commodities to roads, Grand Army people or any kind of State Army officers, except the commander of the Department of Missouri or his immediate staff.

A POSSIBLE DISASTER.

Live Stock and Wreckage Found Off the English Coast.

LONDON, Jan. 3.—[By Cable and Associated Press.] Evidence of a serious disaster were found on the coast not far from Dover today, where the carcasses of a number of bullocks were washed up. Brass plates upon the horns of two of these animals were marked 83,455, U. S. A., and 68,871, U. S. A. Ties of beef were also found floating about the Goodwin sands. It is supposed that the wreckage is the result of the sinking of a cattle ship from the United States.

New York, Jan. 3.—A cablegram was received here today announcing that the carcasses of two bullocks found in the English channel are supposed to have been part of the cargo of an American vessel. It was feared that this might indicate some disaster, but shippers here seem to think that the cattle were only washed overboard. At the Maritime Exchange no word has been received of any disaster.

Baltimore (Md.) Jan. 3.—Dr. Paville, local government inspector of cattle here, states that the carcasses of cattle found on the coast of England today, bearing United States inspection plates on the horns, were part of the cargo of the steamer Nassau, which left Baltimore December 10, bound for London, and already reported arrived out. The steamer ship Thimblehead left Baltimore November 20 for England with several hundred cattle aboard. Nothing has been heard of her since then.

Age and a Pauper. NEW HAVEN (Conn.) Jan. 3.—Levi Griswold Everts, who claims to be a cousin of Senator Everts, was a few days ago removed to the New Haven almshouse. He gave his age as 73. For several years he has been living in a little downtown room, but lately became unable to support himself, and was a regular applicant to the town for aid.

Killed by a "Sooner." GUTHRIE (Oklahoma), Jan. 3.—A fatal shooting affray took place on the street today, in which Representative J. N. Terrill, of Payne county, killed G. M. Embree of the same county. The trouble grew out of a contest over Terrill's homestead. Terrill was charged with being a "Sooner" and Embree so testified before the United States land office.

IN OTHER LANDS.

Dr. Koch is Displeased at the Talk of Critics.

He Does Not Want to Sell His Secret to the Government.

Emperor William's Large Promises and Their Small Results.

A Crisis Rapidly Approaching in German Politics—The Infamous Prince's Baptism Republicanism and the Vatican.

By Telegram to The Times.

BERLIN, Jan. 3.—[Copyright 1890, by the New York Associated Press.] Prof. Koch is in an ill humor over the increasing severity of professional criticisms here and abroad. It is understood that he asked Minister Von Gossler to relieve him from his pledge to surrender to the State his right to the discovery. Von Gossler was opposed to publishing the composition of the remedy until foreign governments are communicated with as to the precautions necessary to secure the production of the lymph. When the Landtag resumes its sitting an official declaration will be made repudiating a desire on the part of the government to retain any advantage through the production of the lymph, and expressing readiness to communicate the process through other governments who are able to guarantee against the abuse of it. In the meantime the anger of medical circles arising from privileged traffic in the lymph is growing in warmth.

The relations between the Conservative majority in the Landtag and the government increase in hostility. The Cologne Gazette, Hamburg Nachrichten and other organs of the opposition attack the Emperor's policy all around. The review of the Reichstag look with longing eyes upon the Friedrichshagen. The Emperor's promises of reforms with the negative results. The Cologne Gazette blames Chancellor Caprivi that nothing is more dangerous than unrealized promises. The government, it says, since Prince Bismarck's retirement, has achieved nothing.

The projects for labor reform, the alteration system of taxation, the new school system, new customs system and new communal legislation have opened up a prospective of internal conflict of which it is impossible to foresee the consequences. Munich semi-official papers refer openly to the internal policy of the Emperor and declare that it is tending to a crisis.

The Emperor's alliance with labor laws has made the Hungarian members of the Reichstag look with longing eyes upon the Friedrichshagen. The Emperor promises to be a stormy parliamentary period for the government, with the probable reappearance of Bismarck in the forefront of events.

The baptism of the infant Prince is fixed for January 25. King and Queen of Italy will be sponsors. The new treaty with Hungary threatens to flood the country with corn.

AT THE FRENCH CAPITAL.

Lavigne's Stand in Favor of the Party of the Republic.

PARIS, Jan. 4.—[By Cable and Associated Press.] Cardinal Lavigne's declaration in favor of the French republic has received the support of the archbishops of Tours, Cambrai and Rouen, and several bishops and other clerical dignitaries. In a recent interview with the Pope, Mgr. Fuzet, bishop of Rouen, urged that in the interests of the church, the French Catholic clergy ought to sever all connection with the Monarchical party. The monarchists, he said, were powerless to conceive or found anything, while they had so far forgotten the dictates of conscience as to resort to weapons of corruption and conspiracy. His Holiness remarked that the republican clergy ought to be satisfied with the sentiments of Cardinal Lavigne's toast. Fuzet replied that Cardinal Lavigne's declaration was a most fortunate blow in behalf of the church, which could not identify the cause of religion with opposition to the established government. Fuzet's letter reporting this interview is counter-signed by many bishops, and is tantamount to the definitive submission of a large section of the clergy to the republican government.

The Latin Monetary Convention has been prolonged another year.

NOT PERMITTED TO PASS.

Turkey Stops a Japanese Warship at the Dardanelles.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Jan. 3.—[By Cable and Associated Press.] The Japanese iron-clad which brought to Turkey the survivors of the foundered Turkish frigate Ertogroul was not allowed to pass the Dardanelles, there being a standing prohibition against any foreign war vessel going through the straits. Her commander was enraged at the refusal, and at once started to return to Japan with the Turkish sailors. The Sultan sent the imperial yacht after the Japanese vessel, which was overtaken at Smyrna. The Sultan's representative tendered apologies to the Japanese commander, which were accepted, and the survivors were transferred to the yacht. There is much amusement in diplomatic circles over the incident.

Our Trade Relations with the Hawaiian Islands. OTTAWA, Jan. 3.—[By the Associated Press.] Col. Volney V. Ashford of Honolulu, has arrived here to interview Foster, Minister of Finance on trade matters. Ashford alleges that the island trade with the United States has become unsatisfactory. He had an interview with Sandford Fleming today and urged that a Pacific cable be laid via Honolulu.

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LONDON, Jan. 3.—During a dense fog in the British Channel this morning off Dungeness, a collision occurred between two steamers, in which the oil laden Robert de Massy was sunk.

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The crew escaped in boats. The steamship Raitwait Hall, the other vessel in the collision, was not injured.

CUBAN RECIPROCITY.

MADRID, Jan. 3.—The Cuban delegates have formally submitted to the Spanish government their conclusions as to the best economic and fiscal policy for Cuba. The government has decided not to publish the report, for fear it might prove detrimental to negotiations with the United States Government looking to the establishment of a reciprocity treaty relative to Cuba.

DEADLY FIREDAMP.

Forty Miners Killed in an Explosion at Ostran.

VIENNA, Jan. 3.—[By Cable and Associated Press.] There was a terrible explosion of firedamp today in the Trinity pit near the Polish town of Ostran. Fifteen bodies have been recovered and twenty-four miners are missing.

VIENNA, Jan. 3.—It is now known that many miners are still imprisoned in the pit. It is feared that the accident will result in the death of forty miners.

An Earthquake in Indiana.

ELWOOD (Ind.) Jan. 3.—Two shocks of earthquake were felt here this afternoon at 4 p. m., the first lasting thirty seconds and the second following immediately after, lasting fifteen seconds. The oscillations were from west to east. No damage was done.

CHANGE OF LAW FIRM.

Mr. Charles Monroe of the Law Firm of Wells, Monroe & Lee.

Elsewhere is published the dissolution notice of the old firm of Wells, Guthrie & Lee, and also the card of their successors, Wells, Monroe & Lee.

The new member of the firm, Mr. Charles Monroe, has purchased the interest of Francis J. Guthrie therein, and the firm is now composed of Hon. G. Wiley Wells, Charles Monroe and Bradner W. Lee. W. Pollard continues his relation with the new firm. The new member of the firm, Mr. Charles Monroe, is an attorney eminent in his profession. He is a graduate of Harvard University of the class of 1870, and for the past fifteen years has been the Assistant General Solicitor of the Union Pacific Railway Company for the States of Kansas and Missouri. Several letters which have been written concerning him by such eminent lawyers and jurists as Hon. D. J. Brewer, Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court; Hon. John F. Dillon, General Counsel of the Union Pacific Railway Company; Hon. A. H. Horton, Chief Justice, and Hon. D. M. Valentine and W. A. Johnston, Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of Kansas; Hon. R. F. Simpson, Chief Commissioner of the Supreme Court of Kansas; Hon. A. L. Williams, General Attorney of the Union Pacific Railway Company, and John M. Thurston, General Solicitor of the Union Pacific Railway Company, commend him in the highest terms as a lawyer of learning and ability. The following article is copied from the Topeka Daily Capital of December 27, 1890:

"GOES TO LOS ANGELES."

"THE ASSISTANT ATTORNEY OF THE UNION PACIFIC MAKES A CHANGE."

"On Christmas Day Mr. and Mrs. Charles Monroe left Topeka for Los Angeles, Cal., where Mr. Monroe is to be their home. Mr. Monroe has been assistant general attorney for the Kansas and Union Pacific railways for fifteen years, residing at Lawrence, Kan., and has been in this work the greatest possible industry and perseverance. His record is an admirable one. He will associate himself with others under the firm name of Wells, Monroe & Lee. Personally, Mr. Monroe is a most companionable gentleman and his friends are numerous. Mrs. Monroe is a daughter of Washington Hadley, Esq., for many years the leading Lawrence banker, and she has been a resident of Lawrence, Kan., since her marriage. Mr. and Mrs. Monroe will be both missed in Topeka. All their many friends wish them a long life of health and prosperity in the land of fruits, flowers and sunlight to which they have gone."

DIED.

LEVY—Flora Levy of San Diego; born Jerusalem, died January 2, 1891.

Funeral will take place from the Santa Fe depot Sunday at 11 a. m., after the arrival of the San Diego train.

Recognition of the Park Baker, 335 W. Fifth st., near Hill, Monday, January 5, by J. Schwarzenberg, as a Bakery and Confectionery.

If you want delicious German coffee cake call at the Park Baker, 335 W. Fifth st.

For the Road side.

Gardner, caterer by the Pianos and Organs at greatly reduced prices. He wishes to cut down his stock and offers big bargains at 23 W. Second st.

PIANOS.

This week is the time to get a fine Piano cheap at Gardner's, No. 23 W. Second st. He is positively selling out at wholesale.

California State Series School Books, and all school supplies at 25 & 30 Spring, opposite Hollenbeck Hotel.

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MISS IRENE LAMB,

222 S. SPRING ST.

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E. W. HOPPERSTEAD & CO.

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TENTH YEAR.

LOS ANGELES, SUNDAY, JANUARY 4, 1891.—TWELVE PAGES.

PRICE: (Single Copies 3 Cents.
By the Week, 3 Cents.)

CHARIOTS IN THE SKY.

An Anticipated Pre-millennial Movement

AGITATING ALL THE CHURCHES.

An International Conference—Christ Will Come Personally—Prophecies and Signs—Eminent Clergymen Interested.

NEW YORK, Dec. 30, 1890.—[Special Correspondence of THE TIMES.] As the last decade of the nineteenth century opens, an activity such as has not been witnessed since the days of the great Millennial excitement prevails among certain Christian denominations all over the civilized world. It is significant, that many of the greatest pulpits in Europe and America are in expectation of startling events at the close of the century, which they believe will mark the end of an epoch in the world's spiritual history. While they do not share the views of the Second Adventists or the Millerites, who set the time of Christ's second coming by charts and dates, they still believe that great changes, foreshadowed by prophecy, are close at hand.

Even as I write, arrangements are under way for three great conferences of Pre-Millennialists in this country next summer on a scale broader than that of the prophetic conference in Chicago in 1886, when ministers of many denominations from the United States and Canada attended. The new activity is largely the outcome of the recent Pre-Millennial gathering in Brooklyn, when twenty-six States were represented and a national organization was effected with an enrolled membership of over two hundred clergymen, including men of such prominence as Rev. Dr. A. J. Gordon of the Clarendon-street Baptist Church, Boston; Prof. J. M. Siller of Crozer University, Philadelphia; Prof. Gilmore of Rochester University, N. Y.; C. Dixon of Brooklyn; Dr. Eli of Baltimore, Rev. Dr. Stone of Hartford, Rev. John L. Atwater of Chicago, Dr. J. D. Herr of Chicago, Rev. Dr. McBride of Brooklyn, and many others equally well known for pulpit influence and progressive theology. The first of the coming conferences will assemble in July next, and will last ten days, being in the nature of a summer school of prophecy, to which Christians of all denominations will be invited. There will be a host of speakers, a large part of them being Baptists, for it is to that energetic denomination that the credit for the new spiritual agitation rightly belongs, although all are now seriously engaged in the work. A general conference will be held in Minneapolis in July. But these are both to be dwarfed by the great gathering in New York at a later date, when all pre-millennialists, whether Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Methodists or Baptists, will meet and form the strongest array of liberal believers in scriptural prophecy ever witnessed in this country or in Great Britain in modern times.

Yesterday I talked with Dr. McBride, the chairman of the executive committee of the new movement, and with Evangelist George C. Needham, the secretary. It was in Dr. McBride's parlors that the late conference in Brooklyn took place, and the influence of which is extending over the entire country. It is noticeable that, with few exceptions, all the men foremost in the pre-millennial agitation are in the prime of life and the busiest sort of church-workers.

"I have only lately returned from the Northwest," said Dr. McBride, "and the whole country there is full of it. Besides, all the leading evangelists are Pre-Millennialists, including Mr. Moody. I can only remember a single exception among them, here or abroad. It is astonishingly widespread, and reminds me of the remark Beecher once made to Moody in this very subject. 'Moody,' said the great preacher, 'Moody, if I could see the coming of the Lord as you do, I would be red-hot, and would watch with aching eyes for the moment of his advent.' Spurgeon, too, is one who is watching for the mountain tops, and it was only the other day that I talked with Dr. Talmage about it. 'Ah,' said the Tabernacle preacher, as his whole face lighted up with enthusiasm, 'I would give the whole world if it would bring it about tomorrow!'"

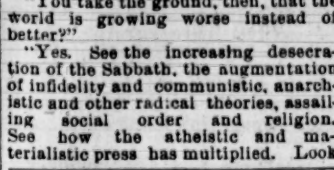
"On what grounds do you base your belief in a Pre-Millennial advent?" I asked.

"On prophecy first, which we interpret literally. I believe, as do we all, that the signs of the times visible all around us are such as were indicated by the prophets, and that one of the strongest evidences is the many strikes and labor troubles we are having everywhere, not in one country but all over the globe. These are the conditions which the apostle James foresaw, when he wrote: 'Go to, now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you—ye have heaped treasure together for the last days. Behold the hire of the laborers, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth, and the cries of them that have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. Be patient, therefore, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord.' There are other signs equally potent. Everywhere we see the 'falling away' that we predicted of the church. One statistical writer, in Chicago, I believe, asserts that there are 300,000 nominal Christians thoroughly corrupt and worldly, while 100,000,000 Protestants are apathetic and sleeping, as if drugged by some fatal opiate. The problem of the conversion of the heathen is more than ever perplexing, for while the total number of heathen souls con-

verted to Christ during the last century is estimated at 3,000,000, the heathen population has increased in the same period 200,000,000. If these figures be true, they show that nothing short of the personal presence of Christ will be able to convert the whole world.

"You take the ground, then, that the world is growing worse instead of better?"

"Yes. See the increasing desecration of the Sabbath, the augmentation of infidelity and communism, anarchistic and other radical theories, satiating social order and religion. See how the atheistic and materialistic press has multiplied. Look



Rev. E. P. Goodwin, D.D.

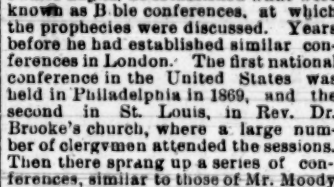


Rev. P. S. Henson, D.D.

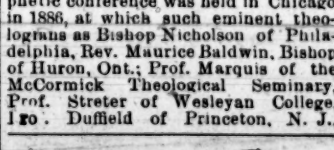
place when all are assembled on the plain of Armageddon for battle. Christ will then descend on Mount of Olives and with his angel host will utterly rout the armies of the oppressor and usher in the thousand years of blessedness, which, the Pre-Millennialists hold, will be the result and not the precursor of the Advent. This, in brief, is the belief that is wonderfully stirring up the churches everywhere today.

These Pre-Millennialists are untiring workers, and they are intensely earnest. They will maintain an active propaganda from now until the meeting of the great conference next year, when it is confidently expected that all Protestant denominations will be fully represented. Pre-Millennial literature will be scattered like snowflakes all over the world. It will be a campaign of agitation everywhere. Spreading out from the Plymouth Brethren, who were the first to give it its recent impulse, the movement bids fair to embrace all Christendom and to awaken such a revival of interest in the second advent as never been witnessed since apostolic days, when every follower of the Nazarene was watching and waiting for his coming. To the Pre-Millennialists the air is already burdened with the sound of rushing chariots and the rustle of angelic wings.

THE FATHER OF THE PRESENT MOVEMENT, Rev. George C. Needham, came to this country from England in 1868. In that year, in conjunction with Rev. James Inglis, he established what were known as Bible conferences, at which the prophecies were discussed. Years before he had established similar conferences in London. The first national conference in the United States was held in Philadelphia in 1869, and the second in St. Louis, in 1871. Rev. Dr. McBride of Brooklyn, who is now one of the foremost of the movement, was a frequent attendee at the sessions. Then there sprang up a series of conferences, similar to those of Mr. Moody at Northfield, and these have been maintained annually until now. Four are held regularly every year, the largest being in New York. A great prophetic conference was held in Chicago in 1886, at which such eminent theologians as Bishop Nicholson of Philadelphia, Rev. Maurice Baldwin, Bishop of Huron, Ont., Prof. Marquis of the McCormick Theological Seminary, Prof. Streeter of Wesleyan College, and Dr. Duffield of Princeton, N. J.,



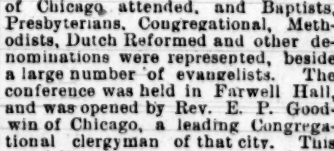
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Rev. J. D. Herr, D.D.



Rev. A. J. Gordon, D.D.



Rev. Samuel McBride, D.D.

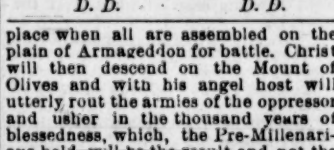
Prof. Prindle and Rev. P. S. Henson of Chicago, attended, and Baptists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Methodists, Dutch Reformed and other denominations were represented, beside a large number of evangelists. The conference was held in Farwell Hall, and was opened by Rev. E. P. Goodwin of Chicago, a leading Congregationalist clergyman of that city. This was followed a year later by another Conference in Philadelphia and a second great Conference in Baltimore, lasting four days. In all of these assemblies Mr. Needham, the founder, took a prominent share. At the most recent, that in Brooklyn, the adhesion of over 200 clergymen was received, twenty-six States being represented.

The movement has gone like a whirlwind in both continents. It is not to be confounded with the various other prophetic bodies, which, for a time, flourished luxuriantly in this country, and which seem now to have made England the special sphere of operations. Some of these bodies are Pre-Millennialist, but they differ materially from others in many essential points and they fix dates as persistently as did the Millerites, invariably taking place the expiration of 144,000 years. Some of the latter, however, were seven or more years after each successive failure, and still clinging tenaciously to their calculations, despite the ridicule of the critical and unbelieving. One of the leaders of the Pre-Millennialist movement in London, publisher and expert at prophetic computations, has shifted his advent calendar repeatedly. His latest date for the end of the present epoch is April 11, 1901. In 1890, according to his reckoning, and as accepted by a very considerable following, Britain will be separated from Ireland and France will be enlarged to the Rhine. In 1891-92 Anti-Christ, in the guise of a descendant of the Napoleons, will arise and make covenant with the Jews for seven years; in 1895 Jewish sacrifices will be resumed in the Temple at Jerusalem; in 1897 will take place the conversion of 144,000 Christians. Then, in 1898 will take place the final three and a half years' tribulation and universal persecution of Christians, ending in 1901 with the destruction of Anti-Christ and the wicked at Mount Olives in the battle of Armageddon, after which Christ will appear. All such calculations are repudiated by the Pre-Millennialists, proper, who believe, however, that the day of the Lord's appearing on earth is near, although "no man knoweth the hour of his appearing." His chariots will suddenly part the sky and will be surrounded with the effulgence of a thousand suns. Not by way of a lowly manger and herded by a twinkling star, as on that Christmas morning nearly 1900 years ago, but bursting upon the sight of the whole world at once and equally visible in China, Australia, the Poles, Europe and America. The living and dead saints are then to be caught up in the air, where they will stay during the "time of great tribulation" that is to

follow on the earth. The remnant of God's people will then be subjected to such violent persecution at the hands of Anti-Christ that their total destruction will be threatened. The final scene of Anti-Christ's power takes place on the Advent. This, in brief, is the belief that is wonderfully stirring up the churches everywhere today.



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BEATEN DOWN ON THE HIGHWAY.

Terrible and Mysterious Assault on a New Jersey Beauty.

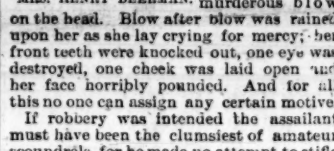
Fairview, N. J., is excited over a murderous assault, which has about many elements of mystery, and all Berge county is on the lookout for "clews." Mrs. Henry Berge, a young and unusually beautiful woman, was on her way to her home, when she was passing a station about 6 p. m. to walk to her home. She had a deep ravine she heard footsteps close behind, and at once received a blow on the head. Blow after blow was rained upon her as she lay crying for mercy; her front teeth were knocked out, one eye was destroyed, one cheek was laid open and her face horribly mangled. And for this no one can assign any certain motive.

If robbery was intended the assailant must have been the clumsiest of amateur scoundrels, for he made no attempt to steal her money, and the jewelry she wore or even the pocketbook she dropped. Nor was there any attempt at a base crime, though that may have been due to the speedy approach of help. Nor could it have been a case of homicidal mania, for there were evidently two assailants, and monomaniacs do not work in couples.

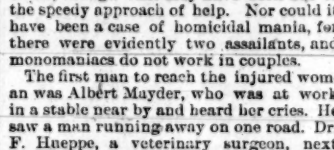
The first man to reach the injured woman was Albert Mayer, who was at work in a stable near by and heard her cries. He saw a man running away on one road, Dr. F. Heeppe, a veterinary surgeon, next drove up with a companion, and they had just met a man running away by another road. These two men have been traced as vicious persons, but their names are not given. The second man, who was seen running away from the scene, was a man of about 30 years of age, with a dark complexion, and a light hair and dark eyes. Two other witnesses saw him, and it would seem that his identity will be easy. The other man is tall and dark, but little more is known of him.

The victim's tenacity of life and strength was amazing. She was able to direct her helpers to her home, but could speak no more. The loss of blood alone would have killed a less vigorous woman. She has gained strength rapidly, and can speak plainly enough to say that she saw but one man, and knows he was a white man. Would to God her skull was not fractured, though the hair and flesh were literally beaten off of it by repeated blows with the iron bar. The bones of her nose and face, however, are badly splintered, and at the best the once beautiful matron will be marred for life. She is but 23 years of age, though she has been married seven years and has several children.

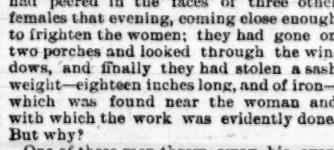
The locality near that stone bridge has an evil reputation. Three years ago a dead man was found in the bushes near by with a bullet wound in his head; two white girls were recently assaulted there by negroes; other women have been threatened there and escaped by speedy flight. The officers in charge of the case of Mrs. Berge have two theories; one that the scoundrels intended robbery, but blundered; the other that some enemy wanted to ruin the lady's beauty. But neither the lady, her husband nor their friends know of her having an enemy.



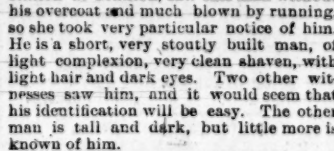
Mrs. Henry Berge.



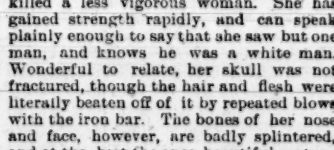
Rev. A. J. Gordon, D.D.



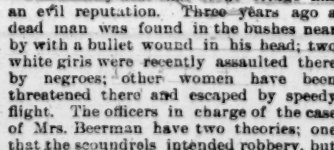
Rev. Samuel McBride, D.D.



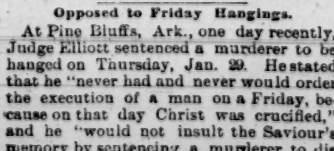
Rev. G. C. Needham, D.D.



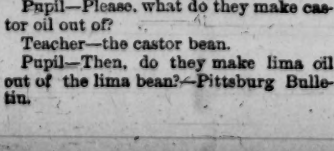
Rev. J. D. Herr, D.D.



Rev. A. J. Gordon, D.D.



Rev. Samuel McBride, D.D.



Rev. G. C. Needham, D.D.

LATEST IN SLEEVES.

What is Doing in the World of Gala Gowns.

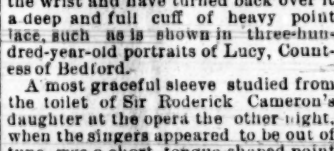
SOME OF THE MANY VARIATIONS

Of Attire at Full Dress Reveals—Frocks of the Four Hundred—Some Things to Be Seen.

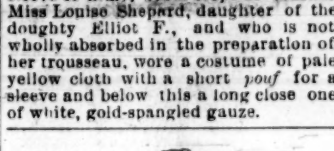
GOVERNMENT, 1890.—FOR THE TIMES.

NEW YORK, Dec. 30. Special correspondence of THE TIMES.] Sleeves remind one oddly of the Quaker who came at one and the same time into a fortune and some relaxation of creed, and proceeded to make himself drunk with color, filling his house with scarlets and crimsons. In a moment of weak generosity we said into sleeves, long held under government: "Come, take a little liberty," and behold they have made themselves drunk with form. Between the baby-rink knotted with one rosebud across the bare shoulder and the new, fully-developed evening sleeve that covers the upper arm and the fore arm and the wrist and the hand, down even to the knuckles of the fingers, there is range enough for the growth of a whole social philosophy. The lengthening of the sleeves for "full" dress is to be looked upon as a row, a riot, a rebellion, engendered by long gloves. A fair arm is fairer peeping through mists of gauze than when its length and its shape are prosaically measured by the "divided skirts," as the wicked call them, of long-legged kids, most monotonous and in artistic ornaments. The new evening sleeve is gathered just at the base of the thumb, then allowed to flare, the fullness drooping over the hand. Sleeves of embroidered lisse are added to frocks of almost any description, and the needlework is always especially dainty and elaborate in this wrist flounce, most wonderfully pretty and most wonderfully in the way, when heavier material is chosen, of which the present modes are a renaissance, and this sleeve will be close to the wrist and have turned back over it a deep and full cuff of heavy point lace, such as is shown in three hundred-year-old portraits of Lucy, Countess of Bedford.

A most graceful sleeve studied from the toilet of Sir Roderick Cameron's daughter at the opera the other night, when the singer appeared to be out of tune, was a short, tongue-shaped point of silver-gray silk brocade lightly shimmering with blue. The cuff was worn over rather a tight long sleeve of flimsy white crepe or muslin. Miss Louise Shepherd, daughter of the doughty Elliot F., and who is not wholly absorbed in the preparation of her troupeau, wore a costume of pale yellow cloth with a short puff for a sleeve and below this a long close one of white, gold-spangled gauze.



With marabou fring.



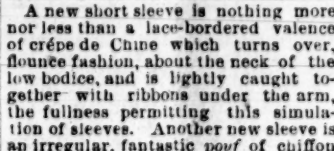
With chemise of pink velvet.



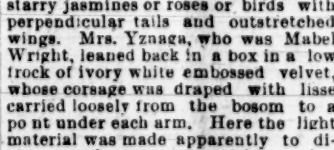
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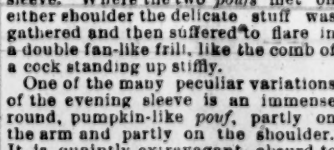
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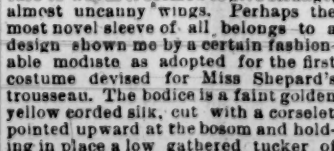
With chemise of pink velvet.



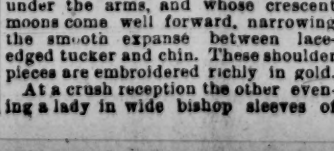
With chemise of pink velvet.



With chemise of pink velvet.

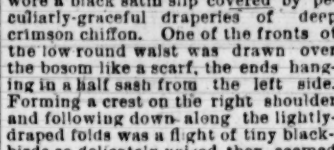


With chemise of pink velvet.

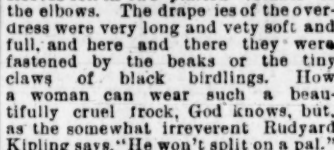


With chemise of pink velvet.

scarlet with broad bands of ermine had a look that the stout Tudeousque church. Her heavy train lay on the floor behind her gleaming with threads of gold. A little lady who had not the fear of the Audubon Society before her wore a black satin slip covered by peculiarly-graceful draperies of deep crimson chiffon. One of the fronts of the low round waist was drawn over the bosom like a scarf, the ends hanging in a half sash from the left side. Forming a crest on the right shoulder and following down along the lightly-draped folds was a flight of tiny black-birds so delicately poised they seemed but to have fluttered there for a brief moment for rest in their flight over the bare woods and the snow. The chiffon sleeves fell in two plaited volants to the elbows. The drapery of the overdress were very long and very soft and full, and here and there they were fastened by the beads or the tiny claws of black birdlings. How a woman can wear such a beautifully cruel frock, God knows, but, as the somewhat irreverent Rudyard Kipling says, "He won't split on a pal." A dress worn by a tall, rosy Englishwoman was of white silk veiled with glittering gold embroidered tulle. At the side of the skirt there was a panel of white gold embroidery and framed in bands of the white fleecy fur of Thibet goat. The full low bodice was held modestly in place by three black velvet ribbons fastened with clasps of huge diamonds. The corsage was finished at the top with deep and heavy marabout fringe, most fluffy and fashionable.



With chemise of pink velvet.



With chemise of pink velvet.



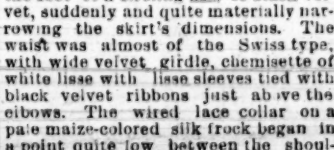
With chemise of pink velvet.



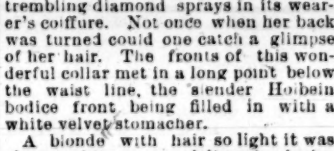
With chemise of pink velvet.



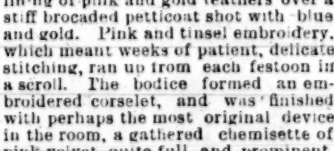
With chemise of pink velvet.



With chemise of pink velvet.



With chemise of pink velvet.



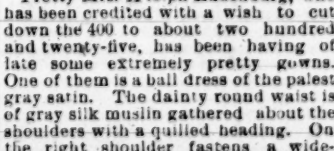
With chemise of pink velvet.



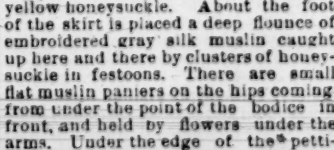
With chemise of pink velvet.



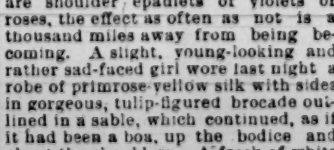
With chemise of pink velvet.



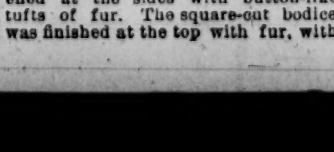
With chemise of pink velvet.



With chemise of pink velvet.



With chemise of pink velvet.

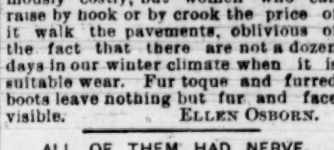


With chemise of pink velvet.

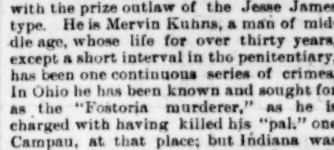
clusters of pink cyclamen blooms on the bosom and on the top of each arm. There was a long fur bon and a long white and silver velvet train.

The fur dress promenade the streets in increasing numbers. It is enormously costly, but women who can raise by hook or by crook the price of it walk the pavements, oblivious of the fact that there are not a dozen days in our winter climate when it is suitable wear. Fur toques and fur boots have nothing but fur and face visible.

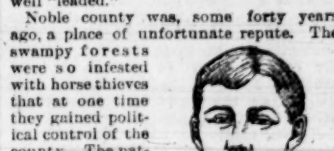
ELLEN OSBORN.



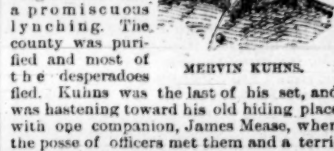
With chemise of pink velvet.



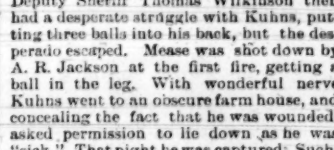
With chemise of pink velvet.



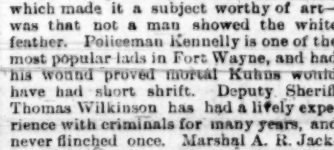
With chemise of pink velvet.



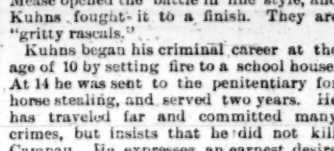
With chemise of pink velvet.



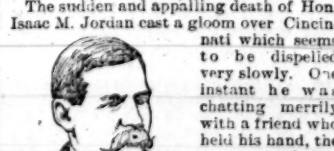
With chemise of pink velvet.



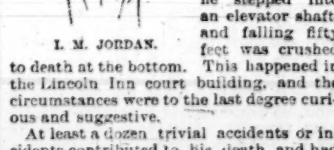
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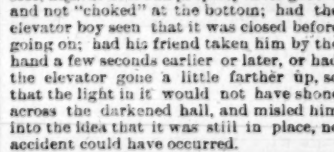
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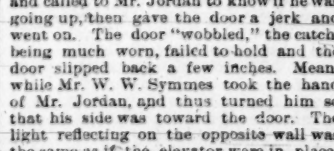
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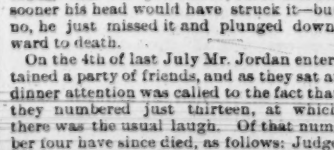
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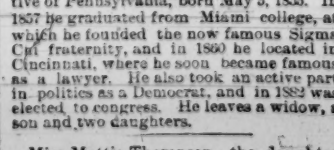
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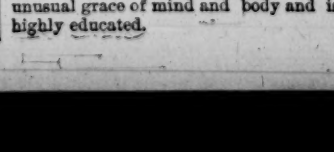
With chemise of pink velvet.



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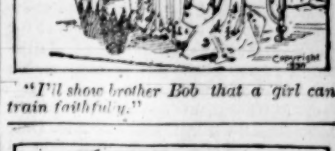


With chemise of pink velvet.

THE FEMALE ATHLETE.



"I'll show brother Bob that a girl can train faithfully."



"The very opportunity I've longed for."



"I've sh Bob could see me now."



"A move! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"



"The Feather Rage."



"A well dressed woman nowadays is as fluffy as a downy bird fresh from the nest. She wears feather traches around her neck, blouse and evening gowns, on her neck, be it dressed in V-shape, low, round or high, around the lower edge of her bodice if she is slender, on her sleeves and as a border to her skirt. Then she trims her jacket or her long or short wrap with the soft curling bands, edges her large or small hat brim and crown and rests content, knowing well that nothing will prove more becoming to her complexion, whatever it may be."



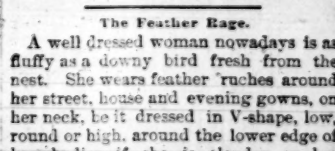
"If the latest idea in trimmings is desired, Madam Fashion selects a band of bead passementerie edged with the shortest of ostrich feathers which is at once costly, rare and superb in its effect. Feather fans, closing or opened, were never so popular, and in millinery it is possible to have too few, but not too many. Plumage tips, pompons, bands, aigrets or pert little crests. All of these are permissible, but their use makes trade, they are handsome to look at and becoming to wear, so what more can we expect?—Dry Goods Economist."



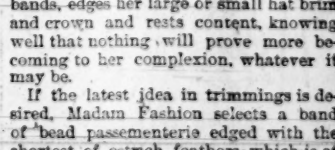
"A very practical and much needed enterprise has been recently started in Washington by two ladies. It is a nursery where mothers of every nation and rank are taught how to feed and bathe their babies scientifically as well as sensibly, and how to put their troublesome charges to sleep. Samples of food are shown, and the best method of preparing them taught, and after the lecture the prepared food is given to the baby most in need of it.—Exchange."



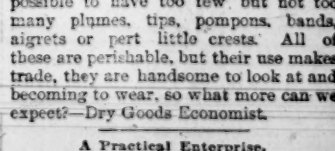
"A large number of new unions are in process of formation, several of which will be installed within a couple of weeks."



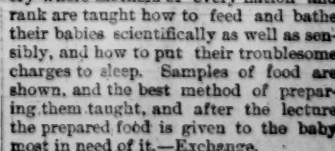
"A large number of new unions are in process of formation, several of which will be installed within a couple of weeks."



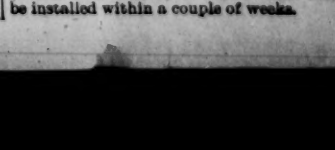
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"A large number of new unions are in process of formation, several of which will be installed within a couple of weeks."

SQUAW MEN.

Gen. O. O. Howard Explains Their Unhappiness.

WHITES MARRIED TO INDIANS.

Their Children Are Intelligent, But Bad—Some Interesting Life Stories of Men Who Have Indian Wives.

Copyright, 1890, for the Times, by Governor's Island (N. Y.). Nov. 8, 1890.—An old friend of the writer of this paper often remarks that the Bible history of the Children of Israel and their heathen neighbors always remind one of the present Indian customs. Probably the converse is the more exact statement, viz., that the customs of our Indian tribes and their rough neighbors often remind us of the ancient Israelites and their strange neighbors.

In the tribe of Dan, Samson, the son of Manoah, was born about the year 1150 before Christ. He became a giant in strength, and a half-employed character, seems to have been set apart for the punishment of the wicked Philistines, who were the uncomfortable neighbors of the Danites.

On one occasion he went down to Timnah, and a Philistine woman that delighted his eyes, so Samson said to his father: "Get her for me, for she pleases me best." He married her, and the result of uniting Hebrew and heathen was a most unhappy life for both. By the threat of "burning her and her father's house with fire," the enemies of Israel succeeded in making her entice and betray her husband, and so there was through this treachery a terrific war brought on. The story is familiar to every child.

A like tale, thoroughly true, repeats itself in the neighborhood of hundreds of our Indian tribes. On our frontiers, when we had frontiers, the Indian, whether Spanish, Mexican, Frenchman, English or American, who married an Indian woman, was called a "squaw man," and in a few instances the "squaw man" has been made a laughing stock, while in a rough way, the women in the house of the "squaw man" are raised to a higher mode of living, learn to dress fairly well and is a true friend and companion to her husband; but he himself usually has shrunk away into a lower life, and his personal cleanliness suffers, his clothing is shabby and his self-respect is lowered. So in such a pair the man has less dignity in carriage, while the woman has more than the queen of the proudest Indian chieftain, but cannot well stand up and compete with her worthy white sisters in the essentials of a prosperous home life. It may be well to particularize.

Near Fort Stevens, Or., a strong young man was years ago settled upon a farm. It was before the old Governor of Washington Territory carried a ship load of marriageable teachers around Cape Horn, and white women were few and far between. He married a woman of a neighboring Indian tribe. He carried on a good trade with the garrison at the fort; was enterprising and often obtained fat contracts, and so accumulated a comfortable fortune. His squaw married him a good, faithful wife. Her love for him caused her to study to make his home more and more tidy as the years went on, but she mostly kept apart from him, and her children learned to dress better than their mother and gathered in the useful knowledge, social and practical, of other American youth. The eldest son has already replaced his father in honest and profitable business, and the daughters are respectably married.

In Eastern Oregon there was a few years ago a superb family. The husband was a tall, dark-eyed Frenchman. At one time for quite a period he was the trusted agent of the Government. There were three beautiful daughters. In grace of figure and movement, in elegance of attire and in the various accomplishments of gifted women, few could surpass them. The wife and mother, however, always kept in the background. She was really a servant

in the household. She talked little English and shrank from every social attention. She had advanced far beyond the women of her tribe, but never forgot for one moment that she was an Indian, so even here in this most successful instance of white and Indian marriage, it was next to impossible for the polished French gentleman, in the estimation of his white neighbors, to rise above the recognized condition of a "squaw man."

The old "voyagers," French emigrants to the West from Canada, who served the Northwestern Fur Companies, and traveled through the wilds of Oregon, were encouraged to settle here and there among the Indian tribes. They were naturally led to marry Indian women. The Hudson Bay Company, it is said, made it a policy to favor such marriages. There they found half-breed and French descendants of these enterprising "voyagers" wherever you travel in that dark region. They are not generally on a par with our best business people of the West, though some are on the front line of progress, yet, for the most part, they are a kind, steady, self-supporting race. Their sires or their grandfathers were the husbands of

Indian women. Many of their descendants today are in the West, as the usual case in Texas, proud of their Indian blood. The first time the writer visited the Spokane he came with military escort to the crossing of the Spokane river, miles below the falls. It was the bridge you cross to go from Walla Walla to Fort Colville. Here were the bell-shaped tepees of the Indians pitched in irregular groups, perhaps twenty of them altogether. The skeleton poles protruded beyond the old canvas outside, and the smoke in small puffs was gently ascending above them. At the bridge was the white man who took the meager toll, living in a wretched apology of a house. The tepees in the distance and the white man, a lame minister, made his appearance, having come hither from a distant mission. He had been invited to officiate at a wedding. A white man, rather of the old Georgia "Cracker" order, poorly dressed in old gray clothing, perhaps thirty or thirty-five years of age, was the bridegroom. The bride had come with her Indian parents. She was 16 or 17 years old, and had a handsome countenance, but a very sulky, downcast look. We who looked on could but feel that somehow she had been sold to this man. The ceremony began by the singing of a Christian air, like the "Old, Old Story," in the Spokane language, first in the several tepees and then at the gathering at the toll-keeper's house. The ceremony was very brief, it being that of the ordinary Presbyterian marriage. The two white men, the groom and the toll man, were Americans. But all that upper country they were called "squaw men." They will soon perfect themselves in the Indian tongue. The entire tribe henceforth will look to them for explanations of the conduct of other white men, and as soon as possible make them and their wives their interpreters and their mediators. Again, referring to ancient Israel, we notice that a certain Levite married a woman of Benjamin, Judah, and that, notwithstanding she was his wife and he himself named in the records distinctly as her husband, still our translation calls her his concubine. There are several similar inter-marriages between whites and Indians. For example: An old and distinguished frontiersman, whose name, should I repeat it, would at once be recognized, was married after the Indian fashion, the pair having a child, a little girl born to them. But for some reason the distinguished man left his Indian wife, probably divorcing her after the Indian ideas and fashion. He then married a lady of his own people and had since then

bloodshed. Just as soon as this wild tribe is forced to take up arms and have a permanent reservation, our poor friend will doubtless arrange, as so many others have done, to get 160 acres at least three times repeated, assigned to his wife and himself. A good house will arise in one corner, and the large barn. Oats and barley will grow upon a part of his well-chosen acres, corn and hops upon another part. Fences will come and orchards will be enclosed. Artisan wells, pressed by the neighboring whites into domestic activity, will afford his family water to irrigate and plenty of water to drink for his household and the animals which roam more at large with the common herd. This is a type of the usual "squaw man" who met in Arizona, New Mexico and with the Indians of the interior. In loving the Indian women well enough to repatriate themselves, they manage to obtain the best of both worlds.

The writer does not like the cognomen "squaw men," for if we define the term as we have used it, to mean the husband of an Indian woman, it has in our American history touched the highest in the land, judges of the United States courts, members of Congress, generals in the army, officers of the general staff, most prominent merchants and hundreds of citizens of the first standing in the community where they live.

Two things are usually asserted and believed in common frontier society. One is that the man who marries a squaw has degraded himself, and the other is that the last of such marriages is bad; that is, that half-breeds are bright and shrewd enough but deficient in moral character. This can hardly be true as a general statement. Nearly all the interpreters for the Indians were of this time "squaw men" or half-breeds, and their moral character has not been of the best.

Yet they compare favorably with our own citizens who have clustered around the same Indian reservations simply for greed. There is certainly no indigenous taint—nothing that education and true religion will not overcome, as it does in either white man or Indian, unmixing.

O. O. HOWARD.

THE DEATH OF SITTING BULL.

A Long and Stormy Career Closed by a Bullet.

The recent killing of Sitting Bull in a collision with the Indian police and United States troops near Standing Rock agency removes one of the most active opponents of white rule in the Sioux nation. Tatanka Yotanka, as he was known, was a dead man among his fellows, has been more written of and lied about than any other Indian since the days of King Philip. The truth of history is simply that he was an irascible, unscrupulous, and a professional politician. He took no part in the decision of Custer's column, but sat in a tepee at a distance from the scene of conflict "making medicine." To his pleading with the god Heyoka the superstitious savages ascribed his victory rather than to the valiant leadership of Gail.

Sitting Bull was emphatically a stirrer of strife, a typical "agitator," who created conditions of things he could not afterwards control, and his death will doubtless result in a better understanding between the Sioux and the dominant whites. The killing was the culmination of an attempt to arrest him. This attempt was resisted, and in the fight thirteen men were slain or wounded. The troops and Indian police, of course, came out ahead.

His mind gave way. Mental Strain Causes a Popular Man to Commit Suicide. Hon. Frank B. Arnold, of Unadilla, N. Y., must not be numbered with the many who have fallen victims to the awful strain of American political and social life. "Died by his own hand—a victim of insanity." Such in brief is the verdict, but the cause of the insanity is the fact which makes the case so pitiful. He was defeated at the late congressional election, and that was the first thought of his friends as to the impending danger. Soon it appeared that he had lost heavily by the recent decline in stocks, and that a child, and an easy, clear conscience, and a probable cause. But when all the facts were brought out the explanation was plain: the man had simply kept his mind upon the strain till the brain snapped. He was some 50 years old, a widower, with one child, and an easy, clear conscience, despite his losses. But he had long suffered from insomnia and was falling into melancholy.

Mr. Arnold was born in County Clare, Ireland, March 23, 1838. He was a strong, frank, unassuming, on coming to this country, the name of Frank Benedict Arnold. Nevertheless he became extremely popular, and after studying law at Banghamton and living a while in Nebraska he located in 1860 at Unadilla, and in several times elected to office as a Republican, though the place is Democratic. He served acceptably in the assembly for three years, and for two years in the state senate. He was the nominee for congress from the Twenty-fourth district, and was beaten by George Van Hook (Dem.), by 194 majority. The fact that his townsmen did not support him as they had done for local office seemed to him a supportless situation. He committed suicide by shooting himself with a pistol.

New Yorkers are getting to be the most inveterate and cold-blooded stars. I once saw Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, a sweet faced and rather pretty woman, come into Stern's to do some shopping. The women about heard who she was and they stood around her in a circle and simply feasted their eyes upon every detail of her dress and appearance. They loudly called each other's attention to her earrings—solitaire pearls—to the fit of her dress and the way it hung in the back. They came closer and felt it. They studied the way she had her hair done up and suggested that it was worth trying when they got home. They stood shoulder to shoulder with her and learned her hat by heart. She was admirable through it all, pretended she did not see or hear or feel, finally turned around to the cortege thronging around her and escorting her, still loudly commenting to her carriage.—Cor. San Francisco Argonaut.

A passenger elevator to the summit of Mount Blanc is proposed by an American mining engineer. The shaft is to be of eight compartments, each six feet square, intended to carry a triple decked elevator for twenty-seven passengers.

HE GAVE UP AT LAST.

But Not Until He Had Grievously Suffered.

A HARD-HEADED TENNESSEAN.

The Highly Original Manner in Which His Objection to the Marriage of His Daughter Was Overcome.

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Col. Rithers was fast but very game. I don't know why flesh should be taken into consideration when we speak of physical courage, unless it is because we always regard a game man as a sort of hero, and are quite unable, in our fancy, to clothe a hero in a superabundance of flesh. Rithers may not have been an ideal hero, but he was game. It is said that he once slapped Ben Thompson's jaws while that great hero of the shooters was trying to break up a show in Texas, and a man in whose word I have absolute faith told me that the colonel once pulled Bowie's ears. Yet the old fellow was fat, and still worse, was so short that he waddled along like a duck. "He had but one pride, a lovely daughter. He looked upon her with the deep love of a devoted father and the admiring eye of an artist. Indeed, he was something of an artist, having once painted a picture of a Tennessee river sunset, but unfortunately he had to shoot a man who innocently asked if it did not represent a brush pile on fire."

Whenever Lucie Rithers went into society the old man went with her. He had compelled her to promise that she would never be married, and he had faith in her avowal; still he did not like to see her thrown in the way of temptation. Once a handsome commercial traveler took brass occasion to smile at her, but he left the community the next day, carrying with him a note which read something like this: "I should like to meet you early

O. O. HOWARD.

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Of course I am thankful for the attentions which you are showing me, but it has generally been my rule not to accept courtesies from a stranger. "That's all right; step on 30 yards." "I'll have to go you 30 yards. I haven't fed the pigs yet."

The distance was measured and again they fired at each other. This time the colonel was slightly wounded in the leg. The young man bade him a polite good morning and rode away. When the colonel went into the house his daughter, seeing that something was the matter, bade him, and said: "Pap, I do wish you would take better care of yourself. It seems to me that the older you grow the more careless you become. What has hurt you this time?"

"Oh, nothing; only that infernal spotted sow snapped me when I climbed over into the pen."

"Well, but you should not expose yourself so. If you should die what would become of me?"

"Oh, you'd marry, I suppose."

"But you have told me that I shall never marry."

"You shan't, so long as I live."

Months passed. The pig's hands were in the field and the scent of burning grass pervaded the murky atmosphere. The catbird had come back to look for her song, and the chipmunk timidly peeped from his hole. The colonel stood under a budding alder bush; a young man climbed over the fence.

"Why, good morning, colonel. There has been a slight change in the weather since we last met."

"Yes, as I predicted, the snow is all gone."

"Are you busy this morning?"

"Not excessively."

The young man produced two plates of pork and said the fat man, "I told you some time ago that we were not acquainted, and now I positively refuse to associate with you until we have been introduced."

"Ah," the young man said, "I hope you won't mind my not being a lack of good breeding. I am John Piller."

"Well, Mr. Piller, I suppose I must accommodate you."

This time the young man was slightly wounded, but he bowed gracefully and smiled as he rode away.

The season had undergone another change. The gray squirrel ran along the top rail of the fence with a brown nut in his mouth; the catbird was teaching her young ones to fly, and the chipmunk silyly stole from the drying grass. The colonel walked in the orchard where the red apples gleamed in the Indian summer haze. Suddenly he discovered that John Piller was standing near him.

"A beautiful and dreamy day, colonel."

"Yes, nature seems to be humming a sleepy tune."

"And you are surely not busy at such a time?"

"No, I can't say that I am."

"And you cannot say that you are not acquainted with me?"

"Oh, no, for the last time we met you were polite enough to introduce yourself."

"Your memory is good. Here are our friends, the pistols."

"Look here, young fellow, I am getting tired of your little flirtations. I never had a man to pester me so in my life. You are positively annoying, and what the deuce do you mean, anyway?"

"I mean that I want to marry your daughter, Lucie."

"Well, I g-d, sah, go and marry her and for the Lord's sake don't come near me again. I wish I may die dead if I ever had a man to worry me so. Go on and tell her that I say she must marry you, I g-d, sah."

"I haven't the time nor the inclination to explain. Take one and step off about thirty steps."

"Young man," said the colonel, "I am not acquainted with you, but I must say that like your methods and therefore am compelled to accommodate you."

The colonel measured off thirty steps, and at a signal mutually agreed upon, both men fired. The colonel caught the projectile in the fleshy part of his right shoulder.

"Good morning," said the young man.

"Good morning, sah," rejoined the colonel as he leaned against a tree. The young man, without replying, took out two pistols, and as he politely extended their handles toward the colonel, said:

"Take your choice."

"What for?" the colonel asked.

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I met a colored woman on Friday morning who is one of the most devoted Republicans in the whole country.

"Where was your home, auntie, before the war?" I asked her.

"Way down in South Carolina. My old master owned four hundred head of niggers, as they called 'em down there. An' the way he used to talk to us when the war broke out. He used to say: 'Keep your mouths shut. Don't say a word. Them Yankees have come down here to take all our land away. That's what they after. We know better. The Yankee soldiers told us we came down here to make the colored folks free. And, oh, my, how we did steal horses for 'em when they needed 'em, and hid 'em when they stole the pigs and the chickens for 'em, too, an' we cooked 'em and put 'em in a bag and took 'em out the back way. Oh, I tell you, they didn't go hungry while they was run' these."

"Some folks says, what you want to be free for? But I tell ye I had rather be free than have everything, an' jest as long as there's a piece of the Republican party left I'm going to stick to it. They may go back some times, but they give the colored folks their freedom, and I'd like to take their whole party right into my arms. I tell you I'm always a Republican, and I believe in them." And her comely face grew fairly radiant with the thought that she was free, and that she owed that freedom to the grand old party who saved the life of the Republic.

"Why," said she, "I don't know who my father or my mother were. They were sold when I was a little baby. My old master bought me, and my mother was sold one way and my father another, and I never knew anything about them or what their names were. That's slavery. Oh, ain't I glad that I'm free?"

It would be a fine thing if we Americans paid a little more attention to a proper carriage in walking and a little more in standing. We are amused the other day at a picture which I saw upon the street. A lady and gentleman were conversing together upon the sidewalk. She was tall, erect and graceful, but as she stood there was a little resemblance to the letter S. His head was thrust forward, his shoulders bulged, he stood crookedly on one leg, and the other was thrust to one side and rested entirely upon the leg of the other. He was a young fellow, well-formed, and had been known how to stand properly would have presented a most attractive appearance.

"O, what some power the gristle give us, To see ourselves as others see us."

I am very proud of being an American citizen. It is grander than to be a king. But still I must confess that there are some Americans who used a few lessons in good manners. We are this need very often in public places. I noted it the other evening at the opera. It was when Juch was singing some of her divinest strains, and the seat was not with her melody, and the heart thrilled to intenseness, listening that a party in attendance commenced talking, and, for a time, kept it up persistently, much to the annoyance of those about them. If people do not care to listen themselves, they have no right to prevent others from getting what they pay for and are anxious to hear. It is one of the worst breaches of good manners.

How divinely fair does the New Year dawn upon a clear sky and bright sunshine, with sufficient warmth for comfort, are the order of our days. We sit and read of the storms, the floods and the biting blizzards of the East and thank heaven that our lot is cast where Nature is so good and generous the whole year through.

THE SAUNTERER.

She had her revenge.

An amusing scene was witnessed in Main street a few days ago, in which a conductor on a West Avenue car figured in a ridiculous light. The passengers included three women and two children. As the car passed Niagara square one of the young women pulled the bell cord in a frantic manner, and the car came to a sudden halt. An old woman who was waiting for the car to pass eluded it, and the young woman who pulled the bell looked the least bit crestfallen. The conductor looked mad and started the car up in a hurry. Then a woman on the other side of the car made a wild dash at the bell cord, again stopping the car, but she made no effort to disembark, and when the conductor glared at her like a wild beast she meekly stammered: "I thought that young woman wanted to get off."

"Now, if you women will let me manage the car and keep your hands off the bell rope I'll be obliged to you," gruffly said the irate conductor.

The women blushed, but said nothing. They were simply revenged soon after. At the junction of Main and Niagara streets the conductor beat a sudden retreat into the street railroad office without ringing for the driver to halt. When the conductor reappeared his car was at Seneca street. He jumped on board of another street car, and it went down Main street at a three minute clip. The conductor yelling like a Comanche Indian in order to attract the attention of the runaway driver, but in vain. The people on Main street hardly knew what to make of the scene, but the women on the West Avenue car enjoyed the fun immensely.

"He said he'd manage the car," said one of them, "and I won't interfere with his business."—Buffalo Express.

A new fad, evolved from some society woman's active brain, is the heart party. One recently given on Fifth Avenue, N. Y., is the subject of much comment. No one present could be called heartless for hearts prevailed. The tables were hearts, the favors were hearts, and, as usual, the women were all heart.

LAY SERMONS.

Our thought this week is one that is full of comfort manifold; of hope that is divine; of sympathy which is complete, and of love that fails not.

"Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of

